TITANIC GOES DOWN

15.4.1912

I just came back from one of the many formal balls I have experienced on the titanic.

WHOA! I’m slipping down the deck trying to get a grip but I can’t due to my slippery and shaky hands. All I can hear is the sound of others screaming in terror, the noisiness of the waves crashing against the side and the squelching sound of the 45,000 tonne ship rushing into the water.

I can see nothing but water all around me. (That’s all I have seen in a while now.) There is no help in sight and I am worried to bits. AHH! What was that? Oh, it was just my $200 brand new beige high heels imported from Paris hitting the icy cold water. It cuts like a knife and gives me pins and needles. When will this ever end golgolgolgolgolgolgolgol..........?